

THE GATEWAY

Issue No. 11, Vol. XII.

Edmonton, Alberta, Tuesday, February 7, 1922.

VARSITY GRADUATE SUCCESS IN HOUSE

Russell Love Seconds the Speech from the Throne in Legislature Last Friday.

IMPRESSIVE ADDRESS

Makes Plea for Recognition of Value of Higher Education.

Only three months ago the Gateway had the pleasure of announcing that Russell Love, graduate of the University of Alberta, had become an M.L.A., within one year of his graduation. This, in itself, was a remarkable achievement. Today, with even greater pleasure, we announce that Russell Love, although the youngest member of the Alberta Legislature, was chosen to second the speech from the throne.

Those of the older students who knew Russ personally, will concur with us in saying that the honor could not have been bestowed on a worthier person. While at Varsity he stood for all that was best in student life, and now that he has entered this greater field of activities we feel sure that he will carry with him the best ideals of the University of Alberta, and will always stand by "whatsoever things are true".

After the member from Innisfail had moved the adoption of the speech from the throne, Mr. Love rose to second it. Those who were listening were immediately struck with the ringing voice, clear enunciation and perfect English.

After a fitting expression of sympathy at the recent bereavement of Premier Greenfield and an allusion to the loss Alberta had suffered through the entry of Hon. Charles Stewart on a wider field of activity, he went on to deal with the various items contained in the speech from the throne. He made an eloquent plea for Alberta's birth right, her natural resources. This question had become more than a political issue; it had become vital to the economic interests of Alberta. A subsidy cannot take the place of the British principle of self-government and right of a province to control its natural resources.

The speaker then referred to the enormous natural wealth of the province, particularly its coal, salt and oil deposits. These must not be exploited by the Dominion at large or by the great corporations. In order to develop the country the highways must be improved. They must be supervised by expert engineers, and constructed without the patronage system.

Mr. Love then turned to education. "Education is the key industry of the nation," he said. "It is not to be calculated in dollars and cents, but in millions of lives. We must not emphasize the intellectual at the expense of the moral life of our children. They must become broad-minded and unselfish men; men who think nationally not locally. If we are to get the true expression of democracy, it must come through education. Unless we are willing to struggle against the forces of darkness and narrowness we can never attain national greatness. Germany

VARSITY HANDS ESKS THEIR FIRST DEFEAT

Green and Gold Wins Decisive Victory Over Their Heavier Opponents by Sheer Ability, in First of Championship Series—Score 34—21.



RUSSELL LOVE, B.A., M.L.A.
Who Seconded the Speech From the Throne Last Friday.

VARSITY ENTERS INTER. LEAGUE

Edmonton Intermediate Basketball League to Consist of Six Teams.

At a meeting in the Y.M.C.A. last Saturday, the representatives of the six competing teams in the Intermediate Basketball League, drew up a schedule, and Varsity plays the Wesley Club at the Y on Wednesday night.

The remaining four teams, namely: Alberta College South, The Outlaws, The Rays, and Normal, also play one game this week, and then there will be two games per week until the schedule is finished.

The meeting outlined a set of rules, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter of a trophy.

This league has all the earmarks of producing a high brand of the hoop pastime and deserves the support of the fans.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, February 10th—Med Night.
Saturday, Feb. 11th—Basketball, Eskimos vs. Varsity.
Sunday, Feb. 12th—University Service, at 11 a.m.
Tuesday, Feb. 14th—Basketball, Eskimos vs. Varsity.

U. OF A. LADIES DEFEATED BY U. OF S.

In Annual Fixture Saskatoon Had the Odd Goal that Spelled Victory When Game Ended.

LADIES PLAY GOOD HOCKEY

Game Was Replete With Sensational Rushes and Magnificent Blocking by the Defences.

It was some basketball game. The victors were the University; the victims the Eskimos; the time, last Saturday night; the place, the Varsity Gym, and the score was 34—21.

Winning this, the first of a series of four games for the city championship, and the right to enter the provincial playoffs, gives the University quintette a lead of 13 points. Total points in the four games to decide the winners.

Displaying a scoring ability, and a staying power, far ahead of previous performances, Varsity put up one of the classiest exhibitions one could wish for. Although the Eskimos showed spurts of spectacular play which almost took Varsity off their feet, their scoring machine was ineffective, and the final count indicates the true merit of the teams in shooting.

The Eskimos opened the attack with a field goal but it was soon evened up and at the end of the closely contested first half, Varsity led 12—9.

Ken Crozier was the mainstay of the Eskimos, his height and long reach made him a dangerous man around the basket, and he tallied 13 points.

Russ Burnett played a steady game as guard, and while Doc Dunsworth scintillated as usual, we could wish he had not so thoroughly absorbed his recent rugby education.

For Varsity it would be hard to pick an outstanding star. Keith Muir played an excellent game, and not only netted 3 field goals, but tallied 10 points on free throws, filling a hitherto vacant gap on Varsity's scoring.

George Parney, our old war horse, efficiently demonstrated that he hasn't lost his shooting eye, ringing the bell for 6 baskets. Young, at centre, was as consistent as ever, and Tesky undoubtedly turned in the best game of his career. McAllister shone in his effective checking, but was forced to retire on account of his bad ankle. Cox was only on the floor for a few minutes, but rend-

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DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The next meeting of the Dramatic Society has been postponed to Thursday evening, February 16th. At this meeting Mr. E. C. Davis will speak on the Community Theatre Movement.

ALBERTA WRECKED IN WORD WRANGLE

Debaters Come to Blows Over Significance of Ambassador.

SCORE, 4—1.

Lewis, for Saskatchewan, Exemplifies Real Oratory.

Once again Saskatchewan copped the bunting by winning both sides of the debate, by defeating Manitoba at Saskatchewan and Alberta here. Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, we can look back upon a well-fought field. Although Varsity met defeat, Miss B. Villy and A. G. Scroggie fought long and hard to stem the onslaught. An unfortunately worded subject resulted in the teams failing to lock horns and the debate turned on the definition of a word.

The strife waged about the subject—

RESOLVED that Canada should appoint an ambassador to United States to act as its representative in all matters relating directly to Canadian affairs. Alberta upheld the Affirmative, and Saskatchewan the Negative. The Saskatchewan team was com-

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(Continued on Page 3)

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**MINING AND GEOLOGICAL
SOCIETY**

This society has been holding regular bi-weekly meetings and has had presented before it a number of very excellent papers by members of the faculties and students.

On Friday, Feb. 10th, Mr. W. J. Hilton, a mining man, with extensive South African experience, will present a paper on "The Rand Gold Reefs." This should prove of exceptional interest to anyone who entertains a thirst for mining or geological knowledge. Two weeks later, on the 24th inst., Dr. Allan will give a talk, illustrated with lantern slides, on "A Geological Trip Through the Rocky Mountains." Other papers will be presented in the near future by Dr. Clarke, Mr. Warren and Messrs Jewitt and Whitman.

**GYROS TO LOCK HORNS WITH
ELKS**

On Saturday evening, February 11, the Varsity Gym will be the grounds of battle for another fracas when the Elks and the Gyros tangle for the privilege of meeting the Kiwanians in the play-off for the championship. This game is a preliminary to the game on that evening between the Eskimos and Varsity. It will be the first time that the Varsity hardwood has been tramped on by these artists. The Elks refuse to divulge their line-up, but promise a fine gang of dark horses, or rather, Elks.

Jimmy Bill, when interviewed regarding the Gyros line-up, never got past his own name. But as Mr. Bill remarked, "I will have a fine bunch of eggs to support me."

Coming a few days after the terrific struggle of the Kiwanians and the Rotarians, led by our redoubtable Mr. Hepburn, this battle should create great interest, aside from the fact that "Our Jimmy" is on the line-up.

**Metropolitán This Week—Comedy
"SIS HOPKINS"**

**CUPS OF TEA
AND OTHER THINGS****VARSITY STUDENT SPLASHES
INTO SOCIETY WITH GREAT
APLOMB**

"Isn't it a lovely day," said Mrs. de Tray. At least they called her Mrs. de Tray. To be candid, gentle reader, (if any), I should have begun this story by saying that Mrs. de Tray had money. Consequently she found no difficulty in being Mrs. Deltrich until August 4th, 1914, and Mrs. de Tray ever after. But money she had; de Tray was her name, and she had greeted me. As she did so, her face afforded a picture of such gushing benevolence that I wished, as a student of anatomy, that the human ear had developed in a less liable position; behind the mastoid process, for instance, instead of in front of it.

Due to my tingling nose and ears and the haunting sound that the dry cold snow made under my feet I think I must have resented my lady's greeting. But this mental experience was obliterated by the barging into prominence of Jack de Tray, who had more money than she had but was fond of her just the same.

Everything about Jack drooped except his disposition. His eyebrows drooped, his eyelids drooped until his eyes had to droop to see under them; his mouth drooped; a large fold of skin under his lower lip drooped; his abdomen drooped, and what was more important, his knees bent slightly forward, giving his whole body an appearance of drooping. "May I present my husband," said Mrs. de Tray, with a forced expiration and a complementary smile. "Thank you, I said rather awkwardly, for at that moment I found myself confronted from three different doors with three different female faces, each one the very reflection of Mrs. de Tray, especially in the matter of smiles.

Jack's disposition saved me. He was pronouncing my name. It began in the region of his abdomen like a far-off thunder storm, and as these storms are prone to do, skirted around the vicinity, that it seemed to be distant. At last, the disturbance emerged, as a series of bubbles from which I received the impression, "Have a cigarette?" As though I only knew two words of English, I again said "Thank you."

"And these are my sisters," continued mine hostess, without the slightest trepidation in regard to Jack, "Mrs. S—, Mrs. B—, and (forced expiration) Miss D—." At the mention of Miss D—, Jack bubbled so hilariously that the whole female squad were called into action to convey him to the drawing room.

It was only a matter of moments, however, before Mrs. de Tray returned for me. I entered to find Jack's head a spherical map of mirth with Miss D— snapping affectionately at an oval prominence that stood out in the middle of his shining scalp. He was puffing his energy back to normal again.

"Did you see the 'Beggar's Opera'?", inquired Mrs. S—.

"Yes. Wasn't it awful," said Mrs. B—, anticipating my reply.

Miss D— explained that she had to pour tea at Government House on the afternoon of that day and was "just so tired!" She was sure, however, that my critical judgment would place me entirely in accord with her sisters' opinions.

"Be careful, Ellen!" said Mrs. de Tray, as the maid approached with tea. The sisters were content with lifting their lips in a horrified manner. Jack seemed to show signs of transient atmosphere changes which subsided, however, when Miss D— asked me if I took sugar.

"No, thank you," I said, to be different.

"You're sweet enough!"
"Yes!"



**THE MED CLUB ANNOUNCES ITS
ANNUAL MEDNIGHT
IN CONVOCATION HALL
FEB. 10, 1922
8 P. M.**

ADMISSION—25c. and 50c.

"I'm sure!"

Jack's bubble was the only expression which I could definitely locate.

"Isn't it horrid the way some people serve," Miss D— remarked, lightly.

The others accompanied their assent by spearing the handle of a Lemoge china cup so precisely with an index finger that I almost dropped my own cup in astonishment.

"That's what Mrs. H— said yesterday at the Social Service Tea," continued Mrs. de Tray, "and she has such terrible experiences!"

"Imagine," explained Miss D—, "helping her husband in the store at Xmas, and waiting on people whom she would simply ignore outside of business life!"

I perceived in the expressions of gaping mortification that these ladies had all cultivated the ability of distending their oral cavities in all three dimensions at the same time.

"More hot water, Ellen!"

"But Mrs. H— is as brave," confided Mrs. de Tray, with the others convincing assent, and I noticed that she was toying uneasily with a string of large sized pearls that were twice around her neck, and reached as far as her waist. "You know," she said, "I must have individual bread and butter plates."

"And a damned good drink of beer" interposed Jack with so many bubbles and such a rollicking mirth that he disposed of himself as a possible annoyance to the ladies for the remainder of the afternoon.

The furtive glances which Miss D— cast at me over her shoulder; the explosions which Jack emitted when he looked at her seated on my right, and the fact that the married ladies had all retired with the tea tray suggested complications.

The sudden recollection of an engagement across the river at five-thirty brought mine hostess and her sisters back to the room with their left shoulders drooping in a most distracted manner. After a slight pause, Mrs. de Tray brightened up. "My husband gave me a lovely present for Xmas," she said.

"The pearls?"

"Yes!" she almost jumped upon me, "aren't they beautiful!—and matched!"

"Hum! Fifty or sixty thousand dollars, I suppose?"

In the consternation which followed this remark, I could do no better than secure my coat.

"Oh! They are not real pearls," she said reluctantly, when Jack had winked at her a couple of times as best he could.

I shook all their hands and gave Jack a slap on the back for luck, which he seemed to appreciate.

"Now," said Miss D— when you

have nothing better to do call back again."

"I am quite sure Miss D— that I will rarely have better occupation."

"Oh!" I know you are very busy!
Good-bye!" she said, looking down.

I never realized until the door had closed behind me that our last remarks were as near as we ever could come to interpreting one another.

An organization called the "United Order of Canadians" has been formed at the University of Saskatchewan. Only students born in Canada are eligible.

Latest sign in a dance hall: "Patrons are requested to move three feet while dancing."

GIMME A MATCH, TOO!

There is a bird, no matter whom
He meets upon the street;
Will ask you with a face of gloom:
"Ya gotta cigarette?"
He is a perfect, polish bum,
He has no smoke-shop debts;
In fact, he's always hitting some
Poorguy for cigarettes.
He will not put his clothes in hock,
He has no money bags,
And yet he has a goodly stock
Of other people's fags;
Methinks when he the bucket kicks,
(And goes below, you bet);
He'll sak the swimmers in the Styx:
"Ya gotta cigarette?"
Tis thus I give the bums a clout,
Tis them I wish to vex;
Wy work is done so I'll go out
And bum a fag from X.

—The Ubyssey.

TO—

Ruby lips,
Teeth like pears,
Hazel eyes,
Ripply curls,
Pretty head,
(Very fair),
What a shame
There's nothing there!

—The Ubyssey.

READ IT AND WEEP

1st Stanza:

A motor car,
And lots of gas,
A very dark night,
And a sweet young lass.

2nd Stanza:

And so on—

Metropolitán This Week—Comedy
"SIS HOPKINS"

THE GATEWAY



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WHAT ARE WE WORTH?

The recent success of Mr. Russell Love, M.L.A., in his maiden speech in the Legislature, as reported elsewhere in this issue, is a vividly striking example of the value of the University of Alberta to the people of this province.

Mr. John R. Bone, in the December issue of The University of Toronto Monthly, asks the pertinent question: "What benefit is it to the province to provide university education at less than cost? One, answering, says, "Only by education can the safety of the people be insured from the intrigues of the demagogue."

Another, thinking in monetary terms, says, "I estimate that the annual earning power of the graduates of the University of Toronto is \$100,000,000," and another that the university creates for the province "men of vision, in sight and imagination, trained in right thinking and sound judgment."

Bringing this home, the average cost to Canada of each university graduate is approximately \$1,500. The ratepayers have a right to ask, "Is it worth it?"

The average man can hardly persuade himself to pay cash for safety from an imaginary demagogue.

As undergraduates in the University of Alberta, we take no little pride in pointing to the sane, well-considered, far-sighted judgment of Mr. Love's address in seconding the speech from the Throne, as an example of the value to the province of its university. It is concrete, tangible evidence of the worth of higher education.

But the question may be considered from another angle. How do we as undergraduates feel in regard to the debt we owe to the province? We quote from Mr. Bone's article.

"The graduate has incurred a moral debt which can be estimated in terms of cash at the amount mentioned. If the staff which has supplied the tuition has been, during the process, overworked and underpaid, the moral debt is by so much, greater.

"One wonders whether the fact ever lies upon the graduate's conscience. One wonders whether he (or she) has even thought about it, or whether there is on the contrary a disposition on the part of some graduates to take the view that they have been rather conferring a favor upon the university and upon the community, by taking the course of instruction provided by the university. One has heard in gatherings of alumni complaint made that the university does nothing for its graduates, the intimation being that the university owes a debt to its graduates which ought to be discharged. It is, of course, desirable from the university's point of view that it should attach to itself by every means

THE CASSEROLE

Hello Casserole! Have you heard of the student's new definition of utopia? Here is the information that we have collected:

'Tis a place—

Where no lectures start before 11 a.m.
 Where examinations have never evolved.
 Where a men is the best judge of his own capacities.
 Where pens don't leak.
 Where radiators don't sing.
 Where the streets are lined with tuck-shops.
 And cobblestoned with gold.

Prof. Miln: There has been something trembling on my lip for the past two weeks.

Sweet Young Thing: Why don't you shave it off?

At the Students' Union meeting she was bored to death.

Before exams. she said she was rushed to death.

During exams. she was scared to death.
 After exams. she was tired to death.
 When I asked her to the Tuck she was tickled to death.

Then I knew she must be the cat with the proverbial nine lives.

Science Man: Arts for fun, Meds for blood, and Law for lucre, but what the hang are we for anyway?

A Test for Mathematicians

Notice seen in Med. Building: Students who were absent from the lab of Thursday on account of taking an exam. which was scheduled for that period, may omit one question and do any nine of the remaining ten.

"There are signs of life on the moon", says a Scientist. Perhaps that is what Page is looking for.

Ain't it Tough!

When you are going to a party every night in the week,
 And the big dance is coming on Friday,
 And you are having a perfectly wonderful time,
 And you think that life is one wild whirl of pleasure.....
 And then you see "tests" posted for next week,
 And you have two on Monday! Oh Boy!

Headline: Law Student Poisoned—Father Commits Suicide! Wonder what father was kicking about.

Things That Don't Mean a Hang of a Lot
 Anyone who does not pass on this paper deserves to fail.

I have never had such trouble with a class before.

Students should not, under any consideration, go out more than three nights a week.

Yes, Sir, I see that now.

I never had a girl in my life.

First Ag.: How did your rye turn out last year?

Second Ag.: About fifty gallons per acre.

"Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long"—
 She wore a short blue serge dress, and I laughed, for brevity is the soul of wit.

in its power, the affection and loyalty of its graduates, and to that end, it may well adopt any suggestion which would enable it to forge another bond between it and its alumni. But when it comes to a question of debt, or of obligation, the university has no debt to its graduates to discharge. The obligation is all the other way."

Wauneta President: Now is there any more business to be brought up at this meeting?

Meek voice from the corner: Madame President, please could we get some mouse-traps for our lockers?

Freshman (consulting watch in Varsity Tonorial Parlours): How long will it be before I can have a shave?

Knight of the Razor (reflectively): About three years, I should judge.

Here's a Problem For You

We have just heard that the Chinese character to represent the word quarrel is a combination of the characters meaning "two women". And the word for gossip is a combination of the characters which mean "three women". Now what the deuce would we have if we had four?

A Culinary Classic

Take some butter, sugar, milk (don't drop it); Beat in flour, smooth as silk (don't slop it); Wooden spoon, if you please (don't splash it); Add some salt, and grate some cheese (don't hash it); Good hot oven, then a check (don't burn it); Taste and serve, that Household Ec. (Oh! darn it!).

"Hullo Sunny; where you bin?"

"Down to the cemetary."

"Ha! Anyone dead?"

"Yes, the whole bloomin' lot of 'em."

DRAMATIC REFLECTIONS

The evening of the presentation of the year plays was voted by many as one of the best dramatic evenings at the University.

An earlier raising of the curtain for the first play would have given the presiding judge time to criticize, at least in a general way, each play, and its cast. This would have been more satisfactory to the audience and actors.

The stage settings for "Les Deux Sous-Prefets" and "The Maid of France" were excellent. Without them it would have been impossible to create the proper atmosphere so essential to the production of a play. Thanks to Prof. Adam's artistic ability and good-will, the scenery was all that could be desired.

The musical parts in the Senior and Sophomore plays added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Without fear of contradiction, we can say that as "Maid of France", and "French Maids", Bessie Mitchell, Beatrice Timmins and Marjorie Simmons made excellent maids.

Ruth Becker told and demonstrated to the audience that an "irresistible smile" and flowers have much in common.

Jimmy Brunton gave the impression that he would feel at home in the regular army as he was on the stage.

The French play was a brilliant success. Prof. Sonnet, who coached the cast and was responsible for the whole production, can be justly proud of the result of his untiring effort.

While impersonating a millionaire's wife and ex-cook who was always in the habit of polishing furniture or kitchen utensils, Rita McCosham proved to be a polished actress.

The beautiful simplicity of Dorothy Richard's gowns matched well Cecile's demure ways on the stage.

Bobbie Cameron's Parisian accent makes us think that Paris may have been the scene where he fought a few of the Empire's battles in the war of 1914-18.

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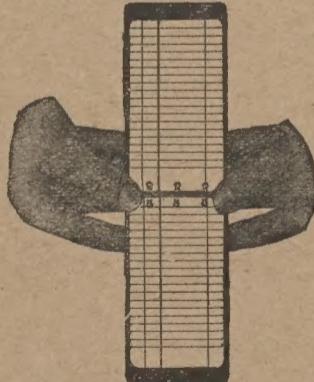
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VARSITY GRADUATE SUCCESS IN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 1)

obtained education but failed to overcome narrowness; Russia failed in education and now thousands are dying as a result."

"We must broaden our mental horizon if we are to prosper. An army of efficient teachers is as important in peace as an army of good soldiers in war. The gap between country schools and the university must be bridged if there is to be a demand for higher education. We have a university that is a credit to the province; a residential system equal to any in Canada, if not in America. Due to the work of President Tory and his staff the standard of the university is recognized all through the British Empire."

After Mr. Love had ceased speaking, one of his listeners was heard to remark that Russ. exemplified the better type of University trained public men. With this we heartily agree and extend to Russ our sincerest wishes that he may have a brilliant political career.

YEAR BOOK

Don't wait to be asked—hand in your dollar and assure yourselves of a real souvenir. The year book is something no student should be without.

The staff will be glad to reproduce anything from a burial scene to an elephant in a glue factory, so if you have anything under your belt, produce it.

Metropolitan This Week—Comedy
"SIS HOPKINS"

WHEN IN DOUBT ASK CASSEROLE

Discouraged Student Sends out the Following S. O. S.

Dear Casserols—

Having been an attentive reader of your column for months, and having already absorbed much of the wisdom which has sifted through your perforated cover, I now make bold to impose upon your proverbial good nature by putting you to the trouble of perusing and answering this letter. Finding myself in the distressing predicament of being in doubt, for the first time in my life, I come to you for a little advice. The fact is, Casserols—though my modesty bids me blush to tell it—the fact of the matter is, I am a budding authoress! I embarked early upon my literary career, and at the outset sought patiently a worthy outlet for my energies. To the Writers' Club I have finally lent my talents, and am now engaged upon my contribution to "Sketches of University Life" which I have entitled "The Life and Adventures of Heesanut."

My plot is nicely rounded off, and complete, except as to one detail: I do not know how to dispose of the villain. He is a blond, sleek, and barefaced Sophomore, and is much too knowing to be caught in any innocent trap. I am at my wits' end to devise an effective means of extinction. Can you,—will you help me, Casserole? I shall sign myself by my self-chosen nom-de-plume.

Ann O'Nymus.

Dear Ann—

You were quite right in appealing to Casserols in your hour of need, and, in future, if there is any little thing that you wish to know, just write another little note.

As regards your problem, there are in common use four ways of disposing of villains—apoplexy or heart failure, galloping consumption, poison, and overturned automobiles.

Now, apoplexy demands the corpulent villain, but the corpulent figures seen within this institution are decidedly not of the villainous type. The second method of extinction requires the physical weakling of which we have none. In modern times poison is imbibed in large quantities every day and Varsity students thrive upon it; while overturned automobiles are an impossibility if the present speed regulations are consistently obeyed. Why not torture your villain by the haunting fears and sleepless nights brought on by an approaching examination. Then, at the crucial moment when he casts his eyes upon the paper, let him collapse in excruciating agony, strike his head upon the corner of the table, and fall to the floor with a thud. This method of extinction should present a unique appeal to the majority of your readers (as I presume your story will be widely circulated), and could be made even more effective perhaps if, as he expires, he should see before him the grinning face of a Freshman whom he had maltreated.

Hoping this poor advice will be of service to you, I remain,
Yours ever handy,
Casserole.

WRITERS' CLUB MEET AT HOME OF FLORENCE McCLUNG

At the invitation of Miss Florence McClung, the Writers' Club met at her home Tuesday afternoon, for the regular business session.

Mrs. Perren Baker, who is greatly interested in the club, was a guest of honor.

The usual business was transacted, and plans suggested for carrying on the work of the club during the summer months.

A delicious tea was served, and informal chatting over the tea-cups completed a pleasant afternoon. The members present were Mr. Wallace, Rita MacCosham, Margaret Bryden, Clara Ward, Wilf Wees, Don Philp, Len Huskins, Kemper Broadus, A. Morgan, and Florence McClung.

U. OF A. LADIES DEFEATED BY U. OF S.

(Continued from Page 1)

sticks like veterans. The goals were all from close in, giving no chance to clear.

On the whole, the game well pleased the fans, who were considerably surprised that the girls could step out as fast as they did. What they enjoyed most perhaps was the way Jean McLennan stopped the occasional rush. Her tactics were very effective, so effective that she was on several occasions escorted to the penalty box by the Judge of Play. To be fair, we must admit that our checking was vigorous, in fact, very vigorous, and that the stick was laid on a little too heavy at times was quite obvious.

At the end of the first period it looked like a victory for Alberta. Their defence was stopping everything dangerous. The forwards were working their mightiest and things looked good. In this period Mary Daggitt, who played consistently all evening, started the scoring by a beautiful shot that gave the Sask. goalie no chance. A few minutes later Tena McQueen sallied down the ice all by her lonesome, and slipped the puck into the net, giving Alberta a two-goal lead.

In the second period Saskatchewan came to life with a vengeance. Just after the period had passed the 3 minute age, Miss Catherwood tore down the ice and scored Saskatchewan's first goal. Then shortly after a scrimmage was held in front of Alberta's goal from which the puck again wended its way into the net. With the score tied both teams were working at full speed, but neither managed to score. Just before time was called the only unfortunate accident of the game occurred. Jean McLennan and G. Catherwood collided, with the result that Miss Catherwood was unable to continue, Miss F. Brown taking her place. After a few minutes rest, Miss McLennan was able to continue.

Both teams speeded up in the third quarter. Hard checking was the order. Alberta set up a bombardment on the Saskatchewan goal, but were unsuccessful. Then the scene changed, so to speak, and Saskatchewan bombarded the Alberta goal. From a pass from behind the goal, Mrs. Mahaffy sent in the winning goal. Shortly after this Miss McLennan started down the ice with the puck, shooting just as she met the defence. It was all tagged for a goal. But—it wasn't one. The Saskatchewan goalie calmly pulled off a brilliant save.

From then on to the bell it was nip and tuck, both teams missing the goal on several occasions. One shot by Saskatchewan hit the goal post just before time was called.

Score—Alberta, 2; Saskatchewan, 3.

Line-up:

Saskatchewan	Alberta
Goal	
F. Miller	H. Young
Defence	
O. Leach	T. McQueen
F. Mahaffy	L. McLennan
	Forwards
O. Johnston	D. Whiteman
G. Catherwood	M. Daggitt
O. Mathers	R. Becker
F. Brown	M. Simpkins
	M. Northcote

Judge of Play—Archie McGregor.
Referee—Alva Sibbets.

At the conclusion of the game many of the players stayed for the skating party, meeting University of Alberta students. Later in the evening Miss G. Misener entertained at a dainty supper at the University in honor of the Saskatchewan girls.

Metropolitan This Week—Comedy
"SIS HOPKINS"

When the Dreamer Dreams

Yesterday I went over to a friend's house to spend the evening. As a means of diversion he related to me a curious dream. "Although," he said, "to you it will seem to consist of a series of impossible situations, yet to me, it will always remain vivid and real". I drew up my arm-chair closer to the fire-place, and allowed myself to sink into proper mood for the story. What would be distortion and amplification in a narrative of real life, is certainly not so in a dream; or, if so, it is at least pardonable. My friend commenced as follows:

PART I.

First I remember, I found myself driving a car along a country road. What the make of the car was, where I was bound for, and on what road I drove, are three things I have now forgotten: in all probability I didn't know in the first place. These matters, however, had no effect on subsequent events; for, firstly, I was never to reach my destination, and secondly, I was, in a few minutes, to turn my back on both the car and the road.

At the time I was driving (it must have been nearly eleven p.m.) I could see nothing outside the circle of illumination from the head-lights. It was one of those nights which gives one the feeling that something is going to happen. The air was warm and oppressive, and I became conscious of a feeling of suspense around me. I noticed, as time went on, blanket flashes of lightning on the horizon; a storm was approaching. In a few minutes a much brighter flash, followed by a rumble, lit up some dark banks of clouds just ahead, and painfully reminded me of the tire-chains under the back seat. Almost immediately another very vivid glare showed up the surrounding landscape, revealing at the same time, the white tombstones of a graveyard on my right. Gusts of wind whipped up the dust in front, and obscured my vision. Presently, drops of rain started to fall, gradually increasing in number; while the thunder crashed above me, and rolled away to the horizon. I almost fancied that I heard the bones in the graveyard I had just passed, rattling against each other.

Suddenly, just as I had decided to get out and put on the chains, a shadowy figure sprang into the centre of the road a few yards ahead. Throwing out the clutch, and jamming on the brakes, I just avoided knocking it down. I fumbled for the spot light and turned it on: the object was a man.

Bareheaded, and with a torn and muddy jacket fitting tightly over a well-built frame, he presented a poor opposition to the elements; he was drenched to the skin. Long matted hair, soaked by the rain, was plastered on either side of his head; while that part of his face left uncovered by a thick coarse beard, showed a pallid sallow skin. His eyes, large and deep sunken, seemed to be hurt by the brightness, for he half-closed them and stepped into the shadow. From here they glowed with an odd feverish glare; and as he drew nearer to me, seemed to change in color.

He was breathing heavily as if from hard running; just as I was about to speak, he stretched out his arms to me and cried in a hoarse voice:

"Come with me; ask no questions for there is no time for explanations; but as man to man, I ask—nay, I demand your help."

Thus put upon my mettle, and withal, prompted by an over-whelming curiosity to see the thing through, I backed the car into the bushes, and shut off the engine. After handing a "slicker" to the stranger, who put it on in silence, and after feeling for the "automatic" in my hip pocket,

I followed him into the darkness. There are some simple actions followed by far from simple consequences: this was one of them.

PART II

I kept as close behind my strange companion, and during the frequent flashes of lightning, I noticed that from time to time he kept glancing behind, like a dog at his master, to see if I were following. Being directed only by occasional glimpses of him; and as we clambered over logs and waded through marshes, I had much ado to keep up: soon I was as wet and breathless as he. At different times I "arked" my shins severely; as a result, I resolved to carry a pocket flash-light in future much more frequently.

After what seemed an interminable time, my recent acquaintance stopped beside a huge tree, encircled by an iron band, struck a match, knelt down, and peered into the thick grass at his feet. Just then came a flash; to my amazement, as he straightened up the ground a few paces in front seemed to fall away. I found myself standing as it were, on the crater of an extinct volcano. Glancing up at my companion, I managed to get a glimpse of his face, as the match burnt out: he was quivering with excitement. Just as I had started to demand an explanation before going further, he gave me violent push from behind. I staggered forward a few feet, balanced myself on the edge of the opening, and fell in.

PART III.

When I came to, I found myself strapped to a couch on the left side of a small room. My head ached furiously, and I smelt strongly of sal volatile; why I didn't know. I raised my head; rows of shelves confronted my wandering gaze. On some were books, on others stood bottles containing tinctures, extracts, acids, etc. A glass case by the wall contained various surgical instruments and scientific apparatus. This, with the exception of a small desk at one end, and on which a few papers were scattered, was all the room contained. On this table there also stood a lamp, which flooded the apartment with a peculiar greenish light.

While I was making these observations, a small door at the extreme right hand corner of the room opened. A man, dressed in a dirty, white coat, and wearing large shaded spectacles, entered. In spite of this, I thought I recognized my late assailant. With this thought came the remembrance of the past events. His voice, still with that curious inflection in it, gave me the conclusive evidence to his identity as he remarked:

"Ah! My dear young man, so you have awakened—how fortunate. Let me see," he resumed, "it is two a.m.; you have been here about forty minutes. I suppose—"

"What does this mean?" I interrupted.

"Ah, yes! You desire a few explanations," he replied. "Listen, for this concerns you very closely—but, first allow me to introduce myself. I am Dr. Ronald Carson."

I started violently; my mind reverted swiftly to two newspaper paragraphs I had read a few years ago. The essence of the first one was as follows:

"Dr. Ronald Carson, very distinguished scientist and medical man, has mysteriously disappeared, taking with him a large number of his books and scientific apparatus. It will be remembered that Dr. Carson was very eccentric in his habits. Recently he has been subject to occasional mental disorders. Fear has been expressed by members of his household that he may have fled to escape the possible confinement. The police, and a large number of his personal friends, are working on the case."

A few months later I read:

"No news has as yet come to hand regarding the strange disappearance of Dr. Carson, the distinguished physician, which has completely baffled the police. His loss to the scientific

world can hardly be estimated."

The doctor did not appear to notice my agitation, but started to explain a theory which caused (to use a trite expression) my blood to run cold. As he went on explaining, I experienced that icy, sickening feeling of the heart. Presently he grew more and more excited and incoherent. He paced frantically up and down the room, crying out:

"At last I have the two essentials together at the present time: lightning and man! They wouldn't believe me! But I have it all worked out now. A little of the mixture, then nature's electricity! Agony for him for a few hours! Then the supreme test; the sublime type; the progress of science, and achievement for me—or—death, and failure!"

"You—you—you brute!" I gasped. My exclamation broke the thread of his ravings. Turning to the wall, he pressed a portion of it with his hands; a section of it opened.

"Look," he commanded. In a few seconds, I saw a flash of lightning. Immediately there followed a series of sparks.

"Behold my power plant!" he exclaimed. "You will soon be in a condition to appreciate its merits."

The sight set me crazy. I struggled, twisted, squirmed, and wrenching. The impossible happened. I broke free. Discovering that my "Savage" had been taken, I snatched up a bottle and hurled it at my tormentor's head; it broke on the wall a few inches above him. With a startled cry, he passed through the opening, and closed the panel behind him. A pungent smell of strong ammonia filled my nostrils; holding my breath and closing my eyes, I struggled to the door and passed out.

PART IV

Inch by inch, with outstretched arms, I groped my way along a narrow, damp tunnel. Every step was a foot nearer—what? For the time being, I suppose, I was not myself. My head still ached, and caused me to hear strange noises; I fancied many more besides. Diabolical faces seemed to leer at me out of the darkness. I could have sworn I heard muffled sighs and groans, stealthy rustlings, hoarse wheezings, and sly chuckles. Every time drops of moisture fell from the ceiling on to the back of my neck, something gripped my vitals. I became conscious of a patter of feet behind me. Was it my echo? Possibly, but not likely; for my slow steps made no sound on the mud floor. To make sure, I stopped; the patter stopped also. To make quite certain, I ran forward and suddenly stopped. There came distinctly to my ears six or seven light foot-falls; then, silence. Was it Dr. Carson? If so, he could see in the dark. I felt as if I were being played with. He was the cat, and I, the mouse. The strain was intense; I shouted. My own echo held something in it so weird, that I was glad to keep silent and listen to it reverberate along the tunnel.

I felt my way back again; hoping to meet my danger in a tangible form. The steps followed in pursuit. Suddenly I discovered that the tunnel branched to the right. I had lost my way. All at once I stumbled, rolling down a steep incline, and landing on my hands and knees on something soft and yielding. As I felt myself sinking, one word flashed through my brain—quicksand! Weak with horror and terror, I struggled to extricate myself. It was futile. Slowly I sank in the morass. Was that a voice?

Were my senses playing me false? I heard a guttural sound, some few feet away. Almost simultaneously I heard another close nearby. A hairy arm encircled my waist and lifted me upwards. I shuddered involuntarily at the sucking noise beneath me. For the second time during a few hours, I became oblivious to my surroundings.

PART V

When I again opened my eyes I found myself in the same room I had left, and in much the same condition. This time I was not strapped

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down. There was no need for straps: a huge ape stood guard above me. At a guttural command from the doctor, the ape picked me up and followed him through the opening. I struggled frantically, but to no purpose. They placed me on some kind of a table, while Dr. Carson attached something to my neck and shoulders. He moved with an uncanny precision in the darkness, and seemed to take a morbid delight in his various movements. Suddenly there came a terrific flash. The doctor shrieked and collapsed—the ape had disappeared. A phosphorescent glow shone on everything around me, gradually increasing in brightness. It caused my eyes so much pain that I crawled on my hands and knees alongside the wall, and tried to find the opening. As I passed the doctor, I glanced at his face; he had died instantly.

Without warning, I fell to the bottom of a short flight of stairs, and found myself in a passage similar to the one leading from the room. Again I felt my way slowly ahead, but the mysterious light followed, and forced me into a blundering run. In about three minutes I crashed head-long against a hard wall; the tunnel had ended abruptly. Immediately following the impact, chunks of clay rained down on my head and shoulders. I crouched down till the shower was over and then peered cautiously upwards. As I did so, a cool wind fanned my face, and splashed drops of rain upon me. To my surprise, a blinding glare disclosed an opening a few feet above my head. From its edge hung a rope ladder, which almost touched the ground a few feet from me. I grasped it, climbed upwards, and reached the top in safety. Just as I moved away from the brink, there came another flash of light, and I saw a huge tree encircled with a band of iron. I had come out of the same hole into which I had fallen a few hours before.

University of Arizona.—A bill has been laid before the House of Representatives of the University which, if passed, will grant bronze A's to reporters on the staff of the University paper. Since the editor and heads of the departments get gold and silver A's and a unit for each semester's work, while the staff reporters get only their practice with no other incentive, this question has been brought before the House of Representatives with the sincere backing of the entire Wildcat staff.

Metropolitan This Week—Comedy
"SIS HOPKINS"

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SOLILOQUY OF A HERMIT

To dance, or not to dance, that is the question:
Whether to take my courage by the forelock
And forge full-tilt into that surging crowd
Of program-pirates at the Junior Prom
And strive to clutch within my fevered grasp
Some sparkling moments of the "Joie de vivre,"
Or doze among those books until the fumes
Of home-made cigs, philosophy of Greece,
And modern grouch benumb my reeling brain?

The dance, the dance, let's go—but then—with whom?
Ah, there's the catch! No constant comrade waits
My whim to drain a tea-cup at the Tuck
Or homeward strolling from the theater
Rests a confiding arm in mine and speaks
A whispered sweet farewell at Pem-bina.
I've walked alone, but not unknown, I trow,
And should I ask a dozen damsels there
Who had been asked before, I might become
An object of derision. What a lark
They'd have comparing notes! "He asked you when?"
Last night? Then you must be
The seventh on the list. I'm number three."
"Oh, is that so! He needn't come to me
To ask a dance!" (What lucky chaps they are
Who get paired off securely for a term!)

My case is hopeless, hang it all,—yet stay,
One remedy remains: I'll ask McClung
To start an agony column in the Gateway!

ODE TO TOBACCO

The following ode was awarded first prize in a recent competition promoted by the Canadian Forum. The poem was printed in The Canadian Forum for January, 1922, and was composed by Kemper Broadus, student at the University of Alberta.

Ode To the Goddess Nicotia

Full Chorus:

Spirit of contemplation, giver of dreams—
Thine altars stand throughout the world, and on them gleams
The sacred fire—O hear us! In this land
Of worshippers we sing thy praises clear,
Virginian incense on thine altar glows,
The circling cloud, ever to thee most dear,
Floats slowly upward, fragrant as a rose.

Strophe:

To the poet's rhyme
Thou givest grace.
In thine incense-clouds
The lover sees
His mistress' face.

Antistrophe:

We come armed before thy shrine,
Strong to defend
Thy sanctity against the clamorous line
Of those who have not seen thy face divine,
Who strive to bring our reverence to an end.
Great will the day of battle be
When, pipe in hand, we smite
Thine enemies full mightily,
Casting their souls forth to eternal night.

Strophe:

Humbly we bow before thee and invoke
Thy blessing, Goddess of Smoke.
Antistrophe:
In that high day of victory
We shall come forth in triumph, a million strong,
With wreaths of sun-cured twist about our brows,
And 'round thy sacred house
Shall incense burn—while pipe, cigar, and song
Shall bring us nearer to thine inmost mystery.

Epoche—Full chorus:

Sing, for the day is near at hand
When every land
Throughout the universe shall worship thee,
With Turkish, Russian, and Egyptian blend
With clear Virginian in a fragrant cloud
That rises, circles up eternally, World without end.
And verily shall pagan peoples choke
In the abundant smoke.
Day shall be dim with smoke-clouds sweet as musk,
And when the night falls, the gleams
Of cigarettes, star-like, shall light the dusk—
Spirit of contemplation, giver of dreams.
Kemper Hammond Broadus.

**WOMEN'S HOUSE LEAGUE
BASKETBALL**

Women's House League Basketball has been going strong for the past two months. There are only four teams in the league this year, but interest is very keen and the games are closely contested.

The League teams are captained by Marion Blow, Jessie Bickell, Betty Lawson, and Belle Beveridge. Half of the league games have been played, Marion Blow's team leading with a tally of three victories and no defeats.

League games are played every Wednesday night, and practices are held on Monday nights. Members of the first and second teams act as coaches and referees, training the "leaguers" for further conquests with the Varsity team.

SCIENCE NOTES

A meeting of the Applied Science Club was held in room 139 Arts, on Tuesday, January 31st.

It was decided that the club should use any space that might be allotted to it in the year book, for the interests of the Faculty of Applied Science, a press committee being appointed to receive contributions and to be responsible that the available space is filled with the best possible material.

The President spoke of the faculty pin, expressing the hope that it would shortly be ready for distribution.

The names of the members who had been selected by the executive, as nominating committee, to compose the press committee, were submitted to the meeting. Messrs Giffen, Jewitt, J. McMillan and Hunter were elected.

Discussion as to the action of the club regarding Med. Night, cooperation in which had been requested by Mr. Henry, was called for. A motion to the effect that the executive should reserve a section of the gallery for the accommodation of the students in Applied Science, was carried.

Mr. Donaldson gave notice that he would move an amendment to the constitution of the Club at the next meeting. The proposed amendment being:

"To Sec. 2 (Objects), add subsection (c), 'to further the interests of Applied Science in the University, having due regard for the proper cooperation with all other student organizations.'

Bylaws—"Add" (4) The President in consultation with the executive may at any time call a meeting for the purpose of receiving papers or addresses; or five (5) members may in writing petition the executive to call a meeting for the above purposes, and the executive shall, on a two-thirds vote being in favour, call the meeting."

Dr. Lehmann (in Chem): Cold blooded animals, such as frogs are not affected by hydrogen sulphide, or, in other words, frogs can take H₂S without croaking.

The long-expected Applied Science pins arrived one day last week, but, alas, they were not according to specifications, and had to be returned to the manufacturers.

Caps—At all angles, some like bell tents, others like pill boxes.

Tunics—Too large, too small, collars not fixed, waist line anywhere between the shoulders and the hips, the other side, buckles anywhere.

Belts—On one side, down on the other, buckles anywhere but in the centre.

Trousers—Too tight, too slack, not turned down enough at the knees.

Puttees—!! 'nuf sed.

What's all this about? The first "service dress" parade of the C. O. T. C.

The mutual condolence societies were much in evidence last week.

WANTED—POEMS, SHORT STORIES!

The Literary Editor of the Gateway hereby gets down on his editorial knees and makes a most earnest plea to the students for poems and short stories. In view of the fact that the nine muses are members of about the only productive labor union that doesn't think of striking, we should be delighted if two of them would show some signs of life. Seriously, the Gateway can't be said to represent the student body fairly unless it publishes some of their imaginative work. Get your inspiration down on paper. Or—another bright idea—why not submit that English I theme you were so proud of? Don't throw it in the waste-basket—be like Charley Warren, who is willing to "try anything once".

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The Argosy, Mount Allison, congratulates the Gateway on its Armistice number. It considers the front page worthy of note, and more especially it praises the well written news section.

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ALBERTA WRECKED IN WORD WRANGLE

(Continued from Page 1)

posed of Mr. C. E. Lewis and Miss M. Sharp. Both of these young people have a distinguished record at Saskatchewan. Mr. Lewis is President of their Literary Society, and is on a number of other executives. Apart from his student activities, he has an enviable scholastic record, having won two of the highest Saskatchewan prizes. Miss Sharp is also by no means one-sided. She, too, is on a number of executives and is also a well-known basket-ball player, leaving Edmonton early Saturday morning to play against the Alberta girls on Saturday evening.

Mr. Scroggie opened the case for Alberta with an exceedingly able speech. He contended that the word ambassador should be taken in its ordinary meaning, and not in its narrower sense. History has shown that the policy of isolation is a failure; nations must be directly represented at the capitals of their neighbors. The British ambassador can not know the feelings and desires of the Canadian people. We must be directly represented at Washington by an ambassador, who beside his regular duties, can render an invaluable service to humanity by acting as an intermediary between the great Anglo-Saxon powers.

Mr. Lewis opened the case for Saskatchewan with perhaps one of the finest speeches ever heard in Convocation Hall. This speech and his rebuttal marked him as a debater of exceptional ability. After gracefully expressing a greeting to Alberta, he proceeded to argue that Canada, not being a sovereign nation, could not, in the strict sense of the word, send an ambassador. Dominion status, as defined by Lloyd George, did not permit it. If the British Empire is to remain a solid unit, its foreign policy must be undivided and must be expressed through one mouth-piece, the British Foreign Office.

Miss Villy ably returned his attack arguing that the whole trend of events was in the direction of a Canadian ambassador at Washington who would aid in relieving the present overworked British Embassy. The two ambassadors would work together to promote the welfare of the British Empire.

Miss Sharp worthily backed up her colleague, taking the stand that Canada, as part of a great commonwealth, must forget personal gain in face of the greater good of all. We cannot afford to lose British citizenship since we have not the face to back up our agreements.

Each of the four speakers were then given five minutes in which to reply. Due to the new inter-provincial agreement, the judges, who were Dr. E. Allin, Dr. Miller, G. F. McNally, A. F. Ewing and Rev. Comyn-Ching, did not confer, but handed in their decisions separately. Excitement was intense while Dr. Alexander, the chairman, announced the ballots, one by one. The result was 5—1 in favor of the negative. Before the debate the audience was favored with a number of selections from the Orchestra, while after it

Metropolitan This Week—Comedy
“SIS HOPKINS”

VARSITY HANDS ESKS THEIR FIRST DEFEAT

(Continued from Page 1)
ered a good account of himself.

The game was well handled by Stevens and Butchart, only the one decision, that of Conrod's dismissal, being at all questionable.

Line-up:

Varsity	Forwards	Eskimos
Muir	Dunsworth	Whitelaw
Parney	Centre	K. Crozier
Young	Defence	Ockenden
Tesky		Burnett
Conrod		Enright
McAllister		Sparling
Cox		
McCabe		
Officials	Stevens and Butchart.	

Varsity—Baskets: Parney, 6;
Muir, 3; Tesky, 2; Young, 1. Foul
shots made: Muir, 10. Total, 34.

Eskimos—Baskets: Ken Crozier,
5; Dunsworth, 6; Ockenden, 1; Burnett,
1. Foul Shots made, K. Crozier,
3. Total, 21.

MED NIGHT

Med Night, that unique medical celebration, which now has become an established custom, will be held Friday evening. For some time work has been going on in preparation for it, and by the plans under way, Barnum's old slogan of bigger and better than ever should be a very fitting description for the event afterwards.

From the interest shown on all sides, the other faculties are preparing to lend their invaluable cooperation by attending in a body. Science and their friends in Agriculture will be fully prepared to tell the Meds something about themselves, and Arts as well is expecting to put in a strong voice in the chorus. But the ladies,—God Bless 'em,—are planning to do the thing in style and the wearers of trousers as a whole may expect to get an earful.

Med Night ought to be a word to dream about when such sane and sober thoughts of anatomy and physiology, etc., are replaced by choice descriptions of the professors of the various courses, with a general dig at everyone thrown in.

We should not try to belittle the efforts of the Meds, but rather make a resolution to outdo them in this type of entertainment which they have made their own for some time past.

The junior faculty, Law, is expecting to make its first bow before a court of this nature, and an indulgent audience from the city is expected to see a show of college spirit hitherto undreamed of by them.

Mr. G. Goldstein gave a reading and Miss M. Simpson a vocal solo.

ALBERTA WINS AT MANITOBA

The supporters of the Green and Gold in Manitoba, taking the negative of the same resolution, won by a score of 4—2, according to a wire received after the local battle. The debaters have not yet returned, so a full report is not yet forthcoming, but we may be sure that Cassels and Smith gave a good account of themselves.

The season's scraps give Saskatchewan the championship. The standing follows:

	For	Against
Saskatchewan	8	3
Alberta	5	6
Manitoba	4	7

N. H. YOUNG, Diamond Merchant

10136-101ST STREET

“VARSITY STUDENTS' JEWELRY HEADQUARTERS”